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### DEVIATIONS FROM NATURE.

#### DRESS.

WHEN man surveys creation, he finds little that is ludicrous except in his own conduct. In the behaviour of most animals there is a grave consistency—an undeviating propriety—that is quite delightful. The kid and lambkin dance, but it is only through playfulness. The birds sing, but it is only to express their happiness. No animal but man can be said truly to play the fool.

Human folly is never more conspicuous than when it consists in deviations from those natural laws which other animals either observe instinctively, or are not, from the peculiarities of their character, called upon to observe. While the animals, for instance, eat and drink only what is necessary for sustenance, man has a luxury of mouth which leads him to take too much, and to indulge in things decidedly noxious to his constitution—errors only to be expiated by suffering. While the lower creatures, again, derive a vesture from nature exactly appropriate to their various necessities, man, sent into the world naked, plays such fantastic tricks in tailoring, that one individual becomes the laughing-stock of another, and the health of many is much injured.

Confining our views for the present to dress, we shall scarcely find any part of the human frame, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, which has not been, and is not at this moment, almost universally mistreated. We laugh at the Chinese ladies, who have their feet constrained by iron moulds into mere bulbous appendages to the limbs; but we never reflect that, amongst our more civilised selves, errors only inferior in degree are constantly committed. The foot naturally spreads out, fan-like, from the heel to the toes: look at the foot of any new-born infant, and the toes will be seen to radiate from the front of the foot, so as to cause the whole to terminate in something like the base of an isosceles triangle. Instead, however, of having our shoes formed in the same triangular shape, they are made in a lozenge form, truncated at the front, the toes being thus perverted from their radiating arrangement, into one exactly the opposite; so that they become crushed under one another, and deprived of a great part of that muscular power by which they were designed to propel our bodies in walking. Formerly, the front of the shoe was pointed, by which the toes must of course have been thrown still more out of their natural arrangement; the heel of the shoe being at the same time two inches high, so that the front of the foot was plugged down into a tapering space, and deprived of almost all its natural energy. The errors of the present form of our shoes are not so great, but they are still considerable. No shoe is ever seen of which the sole is at all conformable to the natural shape of the foot. From a point which may be called the axis of the foot, at the roots of the toes, the shape invariably narrows, instead of expanding as it ought to do; and the heels are still, in general, too high. If any one were to request from a shoemaker a pair of shoes conformable to the original shape of the foot—that is, expanding towards the front—and low in the heel, for the sake of preserving the elasticity of the toes, he would only excite a smile in the tradesman, and, if he succeeded in obtaining the article, make himself a kind of world's wonder. Yet reason points out, in language not to be mistaken, that such shoes alone are what ought to be worn. The ordinary unnatural kind produce corns, impede circulation, diminish and ultimately extinguish the muscular energy of the part, and even, by a mysterious sympathy, occasion in some instances troublesome affections of the stomach and breast, hæmorrhage from the nostrils and lungs, and,

in rarer but still not infrequent instances, apoplexy and pulmonary consumption. It is surely desirable that the very risk of such evils should be avoided, and it might be so by simply wearing shoes of a proper form.

To do justice to the present generation, it is not addicted to nearly so many absurd and pernicious habits in respect of clothing, as some of those which have preceded it. Those who are old enough to remember the buckskin mania, will readily allow that man, in his middle region, is in a much more rational condition than formerly. This article of apparel was made to fit so close to the person, that the maker and a couple of assistants were usually required to assist at the ceremony of trying it on. In some instances, it was found necessary to suspend it from the ceiling by machinery; the wearer then descended into it, and endeavoured, partly through the influence of his natural gravity, and partly by the pullings and haulings of those around him, to get home into the shell prepared for him. The effect of three hours' work of this kind in warm weather may be imagined. "And when by a horse power or two," says a late writer, "the garment was at length induced, then began the tug for motion. The victim of fashion walked as if some of his joints were ankylosed, and others tightly bandaged on account of recent dislocation. From the waist downward, there was less pliability in him than in the limbs of a centenarian, or a gourmand stiffened by chronic gout. Nor was this all. His blood, being denied a free passage in a downward direction, like that of the Plantagenets mounted upwards, made his neck and his face swell, and his eyes protrude, and turned his cheeks as red as the gills of a fish. This inquisition work, long persisted in, could not fail to be productive of mischief. The whole, however, being an act of homage at the shrine of fashion, the dandy submitted to it with the devotion of a new-made saint, and the imperturbable firmness of a martyr; and to test to the uttermost his truth and constancy, getting out of his trammels was sometimes a more awful trial than getting into them."

Though an improved taste has long rejected this coarse vestment, we still impede the circulation of the blood, and the play of the muscles, by tight braces, cravats, and stocks. The immediate effect of these injudicious appliances is much inconvenience: the remote result is a diminution of the general strength and health. But all the errors of the male sex sink into insignificance, when compared with one to which the fair are liable. We need hardly say that we allude to the great corset monstrosity. In the construction of the human chest, nature has provided ample room for several important viscera, the functions of which cannot be in any degree disturbed without a wrong being inflicted upon the whole system. Here reside the heart, the lungs, the liver, and the stomach. Fine ladies may affect to shut their mind's eye to the existence of such things; but the daintiest of their emotions depend upon the right state of those very viscera, without which they could no more think, speak, and act, than they could cast languishing looks without eyes, or melt our hearts by witching minstrelsy without a tongue and fingers. In the natural state, the external figure at this place tapers gently downwards. The waist of the Venus de Medici is of that form, and its perfect elegance is never challenged. But the women of the ordinary world have set up for themselves a different standard of beauty. A fine waist, in their estimation, is one which tapers rapidly below the arms, and is not above two-thirds of the natural girth. It must also be strictly round, although the waist of nature verges upon the oval. In order to reduce themselves to the de-

sired shape and space, almost all the unmarried, and not a few of those who are otherwise, brace themselves in a greater or less degree with corsets, which no doubt produce the requisite roundness and slenderness, but at the expense of all the internal organs upon which health depends. The false ribs are pressed inwards; the respiratory and circulatory systems are crushed and thrust out of their proper place; the alimentary system is deranged; and even upon the exterior of the person, deformities of the most glaring kind, such as humped shoulders and curved spines, are produced. Custom to a certain extent enables the victim to endure the inconvenience; there are even some who feel so little trouble from it, as to deny that any harm ensues from tight lacing. But a violation so great cannot be otherwise than mischievous. We have seen a young lady's sash which measured exactly twenty-two inches, showing that the chest to which it was applied had been reduced to a diameter (allowing for clothes) of little more, perhaps, than seven inches. All who are aware of the internal organs at that part, know very well that it is impossible for them to exist in their natural condition within so small a space. Bruised, impeded, and disordered, they must of course be, and accordingly cannot fail to become a source of dreadful suffering to the wretched being who outrages them. Palpitations, flushings, dyspepsia, determination of blood to the head, and consumption, are among the evils which physicians enumerate as flowing from this sacrifice to vanity. Another of a moral kind is acknowledged to be of by no means infrequent occurrence: in order to soothe the painful sensations produced by the constraint, spirituous liquors and cordials are resorted to, and thus habits of the most degrading nature are formed. Another evil still, respecting which a hint may be sufficient, is the unfitting of the system for the duties of a mother. How many domestic afflictions, which are submitted to in a spirit of resignation, as the unavoidable decrees of Providence; how many of the saddest scenes which this world ever presents—gentle and tender girls pining away under the eyes of hopeless parents—beloved wives torn from the arms of husbands and children at the very moment when prolonged life was most needful; must be owing to a cause too trivial and unworthy to be mentioned in the same sentence with its so dire effects! No doubt, it is well to submit meekly to such afflictions; but while they are ascribed in all humility to a Providence which is upon the whole only another term for Mercy and Justice, let us not be blind to the fact that they accrue through violations committed by ourselves upon laws established by Providence for our happiness, and might have been avoided by a different course of conduct. If it have been decreed that the human waist cannot be habitually compressed, without deranging the vital organs, and consequently producing, in some instances, death, an observance of the law—for which there can be no other source than the Highest—seems, in our humble apprehension, to be as much demanded as that pious resignation which all will allow to be the spirit in which the actual results of the law, if violated, ought to be received.

The fashion of tight lacing obviously owes its origin to a desire on the part of the ladies to attract admiration. It is of little importance to point out that they are quite wrong in their calculations as to the effect, and that the other sex, so far from admiring a waist of extreme tenuity, shudder at it as something unnatural, and inconsistent with true beauty. Without regard to this fact, though it is in itself sufficient to settle the question, we would press upon the guilty parties, and all interested in their welfare, that tight lacing is a practice which cannot be long persisted in

without the most disastrous consequences. It is painful to reflect that parents, so far from discouraging the practice, are so ignorant as often to force it upon their children. We have heard of a young lady whose mother stood over her every morning, with the engine of torture in her hand, and, notwithstanding many remonstrative tears, obliged her to submit to be laced so tightly as almost to stop the power of breathing. Park's account of the Moorish mothers, who forcibly cram their daughters with kouskous, in order to make them fat, supplies the only parallel we can recollect for this atrocious conduct; the result of which is, that the unfortunate victim is now severely afflicted with asthma, and has fallen into a state of low health. As a general rule, it cannot be too strongly impressed upon those who have the care of young persons, that all clothing should sit lightly upon the figure, so as to allow of the full play of every part of the system. In consequence of having been accustomed, from our earliest years, to see constraints put upon nature both in ourselves and others, we are apt to form the conclusion that natural life is one thing and artificial life another; that there is no reconciling the two; and that human nature has at length given a kind of consent to submit to the latter only. But human nature is the same at the commencement of every new generation, and as much is now required to produce a complete perversion of it as at any earlier period of the world's history. Pointed shoes might be worn for centuries, without saving a single corn at the last. Waists might be tightened for ages, and still the hearts of pretty maidens would require as wide a space to sport in as ever. Nature holds out against every attempt to alter her stated features, and requires as implicit an obedience to her dictates from us as from the patriarchs. Again, then, we would say, let dress be accommodated to the structure and organic functions of the body. Individuals may occasionally feel some inconvenience in the attention which they will attract by following the fashions dictated by nature; but they will in the end reap a rich reward in preserved health and spirits, while the scoffers, perhaps, are enduring the penance due to a different course of conduct.

#### TALE OF EUGENE ARAM.

In the year 1758, a man digging for limestone, near a place called St Robert's Cave, in the parish of Knareborough, county of York, found the bones of a human body. Suspecting these to be the remains of some one who had been murdered, he gave information of his discovery in the town of Knareborough, where the people, thrown into great excitement by the intelligence, endeavoured to recollect if any one had of late years been missed from that neighbourhood. It was remembered by a particular individual, that one Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker, had disappeared about thirteen years before, and had never again been heard of. On further inquiry, it was ascertained that he had disappeared under circumstances which occasioned a suspicion of his having acted fraudulently. He had borrowed a considerable quantity of plate, under pretence of being commissioned to collect that article for exportation. Being then just married, he had also borrowed some articles of household furniture and wearing apparel, for the purpose, as he pretended, of giving an entertainment to his friends. After his disappearance, two persons named Houseman and Aram were suspected of having aided him in the fraud. Their houses were searched, and some of the miscellaneous articles found, but no plate, which it was then supposed that Clarke must have made off with; and thus the matter ended. It was now recollected that the wife of Aram, who was subsequently deserted by him, had said to some one that she knew what would peril the life of her husband and of some other persons. An inquest being held upon the skeleton, all these circumstances were brought forward as evidence.

To this inquest the coroner summoned Richard Houseman, one of the individuals suspected at the time of having assisted Clarke in his fraud. This man entered the room in a state of great agitation, and with strong marks of fear in his countenance and voice. Taking up one of the bones, he used the remarkable expression, "This is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine;" which convinced the jury that he knew something more about the matter. He was ultimately prevailed on to acknowledge that he was privy to the murder of Clarke, and that his bones were buried in St Robert's Cave, not far from the place where those now before the jury had been found. On a search being made, the bones were found exactly in the place and posture which he described. He stated the actual murderer to be his former friend Eugene Aram, who now acted as usher in the school of Lynn in Norfolk. A warrant was immediately sent off for the apprehension of Aram, who was found peacefully engaged in his ordinary business. The profession of this man, his mature age, and the reputation which he bore for great learning, conspired to render his apprehension as a murderer a matter of the greatest surprise to the inhabitants of the place where he lived. He at first denied that he had ever been at Knareborough or knew Daniel Clarke, but, on the introduction of a person who was acquainted with him at that town, he saw fit to acknowledge his former residence in it.

Eugene Aram was a native of Yorkshire, and con-

nected by birth with some of the families of gentry in that county. The circumstances of his parents are not stated, but he appears to have entered life in the character of a poor scholar. Having adopted the business of teaching, he devoted himself to the acquisition of knowledge with an ardour equalling that of the most distinguished scholars. After acting as an usher in various situations, he had settled in 1734 at Knareborough, where, eleven years after, he committed the crime for which he was now apprehended. By an early and imprudent marriage, he had added to the embarrassment of his circumstances; yet his pursuit of knowledge continued unabated. When we learn that the man who associated with such low persons as Clarke and Houseman was deeply skilled in the ancient and modern languages, including the Hebrew, Arabic, and Celtic, and was alike conversant in the belles lettres, in antiquities, and in several branches of modern science, our wonder amounts almost to disbelief; yet there can be no doubt of the fact. He had even, before his apprehension, advanced a great way in a comparative polyglot lexicon, upon a new, and, for that age, profound plan, in which it seems not unlikely, that, if it had been carried into effect, he might have anticipated some of the honours of the German philologists. He had also composed several tracts upon British antiquities. In a fiction grounded upon his story by one of the most delightful of modern novelists, his thirst for knowledge is seized with admirable art as a means of palliating his crime: he is there represented as entering into the base plans of his accomplices, for the purpose of supplying the means of study. But no such motive can be traced in his real story, which simply sets him down as a remarkable example of capacity and talent degraded and lost through moral infirmity. Yet, even while we execrate the atrocious guilt of Aram, such is the homage we naturally yield to intellectual superiority, such the sympathy we accord to the painful struggles of a mind devoted to knowledge, that he has never been reckoned one of the herd of ordinary criminals. In Caulfield's Portraits there is a genuine likeness of this singular man—an intellectual but melancholy countenance, forming a touching commentary on his history.

At the trial of Aram, which took place before the York Assizes, on the 3d of August 1759, Richard Houseman was admitted as king's evidence, and gave a minute narration of the murder, slightly distorted, it was supposed, in order to lighten his own share of blame. According to the witness, Clarke had received his wife's fortune, amounting to £160, on the night before he was murdered. He called at Aram's with this sum in his pocket, and also carrying the plate which he had obtained among his friends. He and Houseman, at the request of Aram, walked out in the direction of St Robert's Cave, where the party had no sooner arrived than Aram knocked down Clarke and murdered him. Houseman, according to his own account, then retired; but it afterwards appeared that he had assisted in burying the body in the cave. The clothes of the murdered man were brought to Aram's house, and burnt, but not without betraying the secret to Mrs Aram. After this and other evidence had been given, Aram delivered a written defence, in which he endeavoured, by the exercise of much ingenuity and a show of curious learning, to make up for the want of living exculpatory evidence.

"First, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life contradicts every particular of this indictment. Yet I had never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no schemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's person or property. My days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious. And I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unreasonable, but at least deserving some attention: because, my lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy precipitately and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind is never corrupted at once; villainy is always progressive, and declines from right, step by step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of all moral obligation totally perishes.

Again, my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to health; for, but a little space before, I had been confined to my bed, and suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me indeed, yet slowly and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches, and was so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never till this day perfectly recovered. Could then a person in this condition take any thing into his head so unlikely, so extravagant? I, past the vigour of my age, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact; without interest, without power, without motive, without means,

Besides, it must needs occur to every one that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of, but, when its springs are laid open, it appears that it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real or some imaginary want: yet I lay not under the influence of any one of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistent with both truth and modesty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this."

[He then endeavours, by instances, to show that the disappearance of a man is but an imperfect argument for the supposition of his being dead.]

"Permit me next, my lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said, which perhaps is saying very far, that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible indeed they may; but is there any certain known criterion which incontrovertibly distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

The place of their depositum, too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for of all places in the world, none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones, than a hermitage, except he should point out a churchyard: hermitages, in time past, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too. And it has scarcely ever been heard of, but that every cell now known contains, or contained, these relics of humanity; some mutilated, and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary sanctity, and here the hermit, or the anchoress, hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed when living.

1. The bones, as was supposed, of the Saxon St Dubritius, were discovered buried in his cell at Guy's cliff, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

2. The bones thought to be those of the anchoress of Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain interred for several centuries, as is proved by Dr Stukeley.

3. But our own county, nay, almost this neighbourhood, supplies another instance; for in January 1747, were found by Mr Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentleman, the bones in part of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholm, near Hatfield. They were believed to be those of William of Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

4. In February 1744, part of Woburn Abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpse appeared, even with the flesh on, and which bore cutting with a knife; though it is certain this had laid above two hundred years, and how much longer is doubtful; for this abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538 or 9.

What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

Further, my lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little distance from Knareborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriotic baronet who does that borough the honour to represent it in Parliament, were found in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six deposited side by side, with each an urn placed on its head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

About the same time, and in another field almost close to this borough, was discovered also in searching for gravel another human skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary? whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, in commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And our present allotment of rest for the departed is but of some centuries.

Another particular seems not to claim a little of your lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell; and in the cell in question was found but one; agreeable in this to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, then, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon.

But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some labourer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clarke's as this. My lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, or chance exposed? And might not a place where bones lay be mentioned by a person by chance, as well as found by a labourer by chance? Or, is it more criminal accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?"

[He then adverts to the damage found to have been inflicted upon the skull, which he shows might have been occasioned in the course of the ravages committed at the Reformation.]

Moreover, what gentleman here is ignorant that Knareborough had a castle, which, though now run to ruin, was once considerable both for its strength and garrison? All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of the Parliament; at which siege, in sal-

lies, conflicts, flights, pursuits, many fell in all the places round it, and where they fell were buried; for every place, my lord, is burial earth in war; and many, unquestioned, of these rest yet unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover.

I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and the integrity of this place, to impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off, and piety interred; or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

As to the circumstances that have been raked together, I have nothing to observe; but that all circumstances whatsoever are precarious, and have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible; even the strongest have failed. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability, yet are they but probability still. Why need I name to your lordship the two Harrisons recorded in Dr Howel, who both suffered upon circumstances, because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned again a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affairs of Jacques de Moulins, under King Charles II., related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? and why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocent, though convicted upon positive evidence; and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiously admitted king's evidence; who to screen himself, equally accused Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dun, the first of whom, in 1749, was executed at Winchester, and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of the Gosport hospital?

Now, my lord, having endeavoured to show that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time; that no rational inference can be drawn that a person is dead who suddenly disappears; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluses; that the proofs of this are well authenticated; that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, have mangled, or buried, the dead; the conclusion remains, perhaps, no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candour, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

Notwithstanding this elaborate but specious defence, the guilt of Aram was too clear to admit of doubt, and he accordingly received sentence of death. He afterwards confessed the crime to the clergyman appointed to attend him, but ascribed it to the passion of jealousy. On the morning of his execution, he was found almost dead in bed, in consequence of a wound which he had inflicted upon his arm with a razor; a paper, in which he attempted a justification of suicide, being found upon the table by his side. His body, after execution, was exposed in chains at the scene of his guilt.

### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

NEXT to looking on the actual scenes of nature is that of viewing them in the mimic representation of the landscape painter. In this way, it is true, we lose many of the admirable accompaniments of the real scene which minister to the other senses, and fill the mind with indescribable pleasures; but to make up in some measure for this, we have the select grouping and the taste and imagination of the imitative art. That the painter may please, however, he must not only look on nature with the eye of an artist and poet, but also of a naturalist. There are innumerable points in which the taste of the landscape painter, however correct his eye and discrimination, will be continually at fault, if he has not made himself familiar not only with the objects and phenomena of nature, but also with their laws. A true poet and painter are instinctively lovers of nature; that they have not always been imbued with the science of nature, is more the fault of modern education than the impulse of their own inclinations. Even in the greatest masters of both these arts, we have frequently to deplore the want of this knowledge; but in the efforts of the minor followers of them, the mistakes and caricatures of their goddess meet us on every hand.

A few examples will perhaps better illustrate what we mean to inculcate. The finest effects in landscape painting are produced by light and shade; the due modifying of these depends entirely on a knowledge of the different states of the atmosphere. The peculiar tinge of every object in a landscape depends upon the state of the air, chiefly as regards the absence or prevalence of moisture, or cloud or sunshine. In bright sunshine there is the greatest contrast of light and shade; then every object has a bright side and a dark, and all the vivid colours of the scene are brought into high illumination. When the atmosphere is obscured with a uniform curtain of clouds, the strong contrast of light and shadow disappears; there is a soft light diffused over all objects, just in

the same way as a globe of ground glass around the flame of a lamp serves to disperse and soften the rays of light which would otherwise fall directly on the sides of objects turned towards them. Thus a tree in bright sunshine appears with one side of a bright shining green, while the other is thrown into dark and evident shade. In a clouded sky the light is diffused on all sides, and comes by reflection from the clouded dome of the heavens, equally on both sides of the object; but which a painter rejects.

Sometimes, in certain clouded states of the sky, the whole landscape is tinged blue, or purple, or orange, or a soft yellow; and this tinge is imparted to trees, rocks, or houses, indiscriminately—not even the objects in the foreground reflect their natural colours distinctly. The landscape tinge of a spring and autumn day is entirely different, and would be so, notwithstanding the different states of the earth as to verdure and foliage at those seasons. In spring, the earth is as yet cold, and speedily congeals the moisture of the surrounding air, giving little tinge or colour to the scene except a chill and blue mistiness, which is in accordance with the sombre branches of the leafless trees, and the brown livery of the bare and newly turned up earth. In autumn, frequent exhalations are sent up from the heated soil, which, mounting aloft, refract in a thousand coloured tints the rays of the sun, and thus shed an additional glow on the many-coloured woods and waving fields of yellow grain. Both poets and painters have described the distinguishing traits of morning and evening. In general, they may be said to have a specific difference, independent of many distinguishing circumstances with which each is associated. The simple phenomenon of sunrise and sunset, in, as respects the circumstances which take place in nature, exactly the same. The unceasing revolution of the earth on its axis from west to east discloses to us the sun gradually rising above our horizon in the morning, and, after having accomplished his diurnal journey, as gradually sinking behind it at night. But the morning, though characterised by the poets as "rosy," is in general of a more subdued tinge than evening; it has less of the gorgeous brilliant tints which are so magnificently characteristic of a summer, and more especially of an autumn eve. The same causes here operate as in spring and autumn. The coldest part of the four-and-twenty hours is reckoned an hour before sunrise; then the heated earth has cooled down to its lowest by means of radiation, and the greater part of the vapours which hung around its surface during the heat of the day and evening, have by this time subsided. There may, and generally do, exist vapours higher up in the sky, but these are more rare, and less fitted for the purposes of refraction, than lower masses of moisture. It is only when dense vapours very much prevail that the morning is of that flaring red which, to the shepherd and husbandman, is but too indicative of approaching storms. On the other hand, the clouds floating round the setting sun are dense and numerous, and, by their prismatic and angular edges, afford innumerable refractive surfaces by which the sun's rays are scattered into numerous glowing and resplendent tints of red, yellow, purple, and all the gorgeous and commingling tinges of the rainbow.

The circumstance, that objects, as they recede in distance from the eye, not only diminish in size, but also have less power of reflecting colours, must also be familiar to the painter. All sombre objects, as they recede in the distance, become bad reflectors of colour, and this in proportion to the darkness of their shade, and to the absence or presence of sunshine. It appears that of all the coloured rays, blue is that which can be reflected to the greatest distance; thus the colour of the sky is blue, because the minute particles of moisture with which it is filled can alone give back this hue. A distant mountain is blue, till it mingles as it were with the far-off sky, but its snow-capped summit long retains its whiteness, owing to the superior reflective power of this colour. In bright sunshine, the green of a landscape is seen distinctly at a distance where, under a cloudy sky, it would appear perfectly blue. The aid of a telescope, too, restores the various tints of colour to a distant landscape, that would otherwise be of an uniform tinge, as seen by the naked eye. In this instance the green and other coloured reflected rays appear to be brought within the eye's proper focus of vision, by the agency of the telescope. Sir Charles Bell takes notice of the fact, that the tops of steeples or other high buildings that are seen in contrast to the clear blue sky, are always of a darker shade than the base of such objects; and ingeniously conceives that this is caused by an optical effect in the eye of the spectator. He supposes that the bright light of the surrounding sky makes such an impression on the retina as to throw the less vivid building into the contrast of shade, and thus one-half of it that is seen against the clear sky seems darker or more shaded than the other portion, viewed in conjunction with the less illuminated terrestrial objects around. This species of deception, we have little doubt, does to a certain extent take place, but we are not to forget that the simple circumstance of distance, especially if the object is of considerable height, by weakening the reflection from the surface, will equally account for the circumstance.

A landscape painter should be a meteorologist. What a splendid object for his study is the transparent canopy of the sky, with all its varied array of clouds, ever changing their Proteus forms—now roll-

ing along their fleecy fantastic shapes like the shadows of some dreamy pageant, and now still and serene in all the coloured splendour of some gorgeous evening masquerade! A painter should be a meteorologist, because there is a science in the grouping of his skies; and we have frequently seen artificial combinations of clouds in a landscape which were incompatible with the laws of nature. Almost every cloud is indicative of a particular state of the atmosphere, and every different kind holds its station as to light nearly as pertinaciously as the most formal asserter of worldly precedence. The thin fleecy *cirrus* cloud floats high up in the sky, indicative of little moisture in the air. The *cirrostratus* ranges somewhat lower. The *cumulus* sails onwards in detached round or oblong masses, or, meeting together, roll up into dense blue masses, with their white circular edges shining white in the sun, indicating that a considerable portion of moisture prevails; or, mounting higher into the serene blue sky, they assume the form of a thin network, composed of innumerable little spots and streaks (the *cirrocumulus*), thus beautifully and accurately described by Bloomfield:—

Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen

In a remoter sky, still more serene.

Others detached in ranges through the air.

Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;

Scattered immensely wide from east to west,

The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.

Resembling these, too, but of more brilliant hue, is the *cirro-stratus*, which, in dense longitudinal streaks, and mottled like the back of the mackerel, spreads over the morning or evening horizon, and is not unfrequently the precursor of rain and storms. Then we have fogs and thin light vapours floating along the plains, or curling around the tops of mountains. And last of all comes the rain-cloud (*nimbus*), dark, massive, and sailing near the earth, portentous of teeming moisture.

Thus it is evident, that, to give natural character to a picture, we must have in a clear sunny landscape only clouds of the lighter and higher soaring kind, as the *cirrus* and *cumulus*, with their several combinations. In scenes where there is a diversity of light and shadow, the bold floating masses of the *cirrocumulus* will be requisite. In still morn obscure, the dense stratus or rolling masses of fog will be in requisition, while the tempest or hurricane will best be curtained by the ragged and scattered *nimbus*, or the lurid glare of the thunder-cloud.

We have merely alluded to a few of the phases of the sky, for they are ever changing and ever new; perhaps in this respect our insular atmosphere, always full of vapour, has this advantage over more serene skies, for the combinations of the clouds in shape and hue are infinite. The eye never tires of watching them, and we have seen scenes of such beauty and splendour, as neither the poet nor painter dared attempt to pourtray. The changes of the sky impart, as it were, life and feeling to the inanimate earth. Sunshine and storms are the passions of nature; and in her high moods of excitement, in her tempest and whirlwind of wrath, or in the calm repose of luxurious noon-day, she affords ample scope for the imagination of the artist who has a soul capable of sympathising with her emotions. But the eye of the naturalist is no less necessary in delineating and grouping the rocks, and plains, and trees, of the landscape. Every rock and mountain has its own peculiar character. The abrupt and rugged masses of granite elevations differ from flat inclining layers of slaty structures; and the limestone mountain, formed of the remains of a former oceanic bed, puts on an appearance distinct from that of the greenstone by which it has been heaved up from below. No painter could with propriety place the chalk downs of Sussex in a landscape whose locality was intended to represent a valley in the Grampians, or the towering summits of the Alps amid the level steppes and lands of Aquitania. It is the same with trees and shrubs, and all manner of plants; each one differs from another, and each is characteristic of its locality. The identical species of a tree ought to be distinguishable in the figure of the painter. Pines are for mountainous regions; oaks, elms, and others, for fertile and rich landscapes; willows hang their silvery leaves over the dripping stream; and the birch and the alder cling to the bleak moist sides of the northern mountain. Palms are indicative of tropical climes, as well as many other picturesque plants, unknown in cold or temperate regions. When the inimitable fidelity of Audubon's American birds excited the admiration of the scientific men of Britain, botanists discovered that he had also delineated characteristic figures of unknown species of plants and trees, and this the artist had done by the rare fidelity and accuracy of his eye alone, having acquired little knowledge of the science of botany. But though, in this rare instance, Audubon's rigid fidelity to nature kept him right, even without scientific knowledge, a hundred other less gifted copiers would have substituted plants less in keeping with the habits and localities of the birds they were intended to accompany.

Amongst the highest ornaments of the landscape, as well as the most beautiful objects of nature, are trees; and yet to delineate them faithfully requires the greatest art of the painter. Trees vary infinitely with the light that falls on them. The leaves of some trees reflect a bright silvery light; others, again, a dark sombre one; the upper side of the willow reflects a sparkling shining hue, the under a silvery

white. When trees are situated so as to transmit light, they appear of a bright green, much more decided than when they reflect it. Every one is familiar with the autumnal tints of Claude; yet every tree assumes a different tint, according to its species. Some are yellow, orange, red, and purple: these shades are owing to a chemical change in the juices of the leaf, brought about after the decay of its vital energies. Lastly, the painter, in arranging the shades of his landscape, cannot avoid reflecting on the beautiful adaptation of colours in nature. Why is the sky of an azure blue—so soft, so delicate, and transparent to the sight—and not of a yellow, red, or white colour? Why are our most prevailing clouds of a subdued and softened tinge, and not always of the iridescent hues of a brilliant evening? Why is the earth of a universal green, studded here and there with wreaths of red, yellow, and purple, instead of one of those latter colours prevailing as a grand and only tone, the occasional hue of flowers?

Is there not a fitness and propriety in these arrangements, that the most inexperienced eye immediately pronounces to be best adapted, both for the purposes of vision and convenience? The eye becomes satiated with too great excitement; it turns from the more glaring and stimulating colours to the soft and subdued livery so prevalent in air and on the earth. Even water, that pure and crystalline body, is made, by its depth and contact with the dark soil, to give back to us only modifications of this soft azure of the sky and verdure of the earth.

Thus the level expanse of the waters becomes in degree a second sky, enlivening the monotony of the valley. How many aspects does the ocean present to us in the course of a single day!—now still and placid, poising the equilibrium of its subdued swellings around the shore, like the playful coiling of a large snake, while, far into the immensity of its space, its blue mistiness mingles with the skies—now roused into wrath by the coming tempest, and darting its white spray and curling waves upon the tangled rocks. Nor less beautiful or varied is the effect upon the winding estuary, the broad and majestic river, or the inland lake, studded with its islands, and barricaded by the over-hanging mountains—all these have their still morning aspects, the refreshing coolness of noon, or the golden splendour of a summer evening. What a field there is for the taste of the artist in thus catching nature in one of her poetical moods—in one of her many impassioned moments, if we may use the term, when she throws off the commonplace aspect of everyday existence, and clothes herself in the airy guise of romance! The most homely and commonplace scene then assumes an air of dignity and grandeur; the bare and savage mountain, or the bleak and barren plain, borrow an interest from the magnificent sky; or the hoary crumbling ruin, with few lines to attract the eye in the broad glare of common day, looks solemn and stately amid the sombre glow of the evening shadows.

#### DRAMATIC INCONSISTENCIES.

GARRICK, as we have heard, greatly reformed the stage, and some praise, we are told, is likewise due to John Kemble for reforming abuses in point of dressing and speaking. There is, nevertheless, still a great deal to be done in these respects. The inconsistency betwixt the dress and the character of both actors and actresses, is frequently quite laughable, and a disgrace to the managements. Sometimes we see a heroine who is supposed to be travelling, dressed in the style of the ballroom, or as if on the way to be presented at court. There she stands in the midst of a bare moor, with the rain (supposed to be) falling in torrents, decked out in a white satin gown, with short sleeves, ostrich feathers in her head, and satin shoes on her feet. And this is called "holding the mirror up to nature." We observe also that every hero in the operatic performance—no matter what be the era of the piece—is still bedizened in a Spanish slashed dress, with yellow boots, velvet doublet, and nodding plume. He wears a sword, of course. Are we never, we ask, to see an end of the yellow boots and the slashed legs and sleeves? Is the dress of actors on the stage for ever to remain in the fashion of the reign of Charles II.? These inconsistencies of dress are, however, on the whole, more tolerable than some of the inconsistencies in acting. It seems to be considered a matter of indifference at what time and place songs are introduced. Songs written only yesterday, and referring to some modern incidents, are thrust into plays at least a century old. They are also sung in any situation and on all occasions. You see a young gentleman in the character of a lover, carrying off from her father's house the lady of his affections; nothing can equal the care he takes to avoid rousing the family; his step is as stealthy and soft as that of a cat. When, lo, all at once, with the assistance of his mistress, and an attendant or two, a song is struck up in which the great necessity for quietness is pointed out, but which is calculated, from the noise that is made, to awaken the seven sleepers. One may also observe that songs are sometimes asked for and sung in the presence of ma-

jesty—the fellow in the velvet bonnet and plume who acts the monarch, coolly looking on, while one of his courtiers steps forth and entertains the company with a stave. Never having been at court, we are unable to say whether this kind of entertainment be according to what occurs in real life: the newspapers ought surely to sift the matter; perhaps the king occasionally asks for a song to relieve the tedium of privy council business. In the management of "asides," the make-believe is out of all rule and measure. A man at the back of the stage speaks inaudibly to those at the front of it, but quite intelligibly to people three times farther off in the same direction at the back of the shilling gallery. Not less ridiculous is it to see two persons groping about for each other in a supposed darkened room, and quite unable to see or seize each other, although within armslength, while the audience can see both distinctly at the distance of the whole length of the theatre.

A writer in an American newspaper, describing the improbabilities which characterise the drama, gives the following observations on the style of acting in New York:—"I happened some time ago to attend a theatrical representation, by a company of itinerant performers, who had been quite importunate in their demands on the patronage of the public. The play advertised in the bills being Richard the Third, the gentleman who personated the Duke of Gloster delivered his opening speech,

'Now is the winter of our discontent

Made glorious summer by the son of New York.

A voice from the audience interrupted him, pointing out the error. The duke came forward, with a low bow, and explained. He was 'perfectly aware,' he said, 'that by Shakespeare the line was written

'Made glorious summer by the son of York.'

but,' he added, 'when he played it here, he always said *New York*, to compliment the country.' His odd ideas of civility occasioned a general smile, which the deformed usurper took in very ill part; but I could not help thinking he was not more ludicrous than many of his brethren farther advanced in the profession. The incident insensibly led my mind on to a recollection of the innumerable little inconsistencies and impossibilities which I have seen pass on the stage, without exciting any attention in the audience, who, from long habit, I suppose, have become familiarised with their occurrence, and thus completely overlook their folly. This strikes me more forcibly from the circumstance that I am not a frequenter of the theatres, and look upon the violations of common sense (as well as of decency, which I have occasionally remarked there) as complete novelties.

I do not know any thing more amusing than to see a regular stage hero or heroine read or write a letter. When they open one, purporting to contain a long story, they peruse the whole three pages at half a glance, gaining by intuition a knowledge of all the details before any other human being could get farther than 'dear sir.' Nothing can exceed their rapidity in reading, except their dispatch in answering it. Such people would be invaluable in a counting-house. [The writer might have adverted to the equally laudable cleverness with which breakfasts and other meals are conducted on the stage, the parties having scarcely sat down and handed about a cup or two till the whole are up again, apparently quite satisfied.]

Besides these useful facilities, stage-players possess numerous others, which seem the peculiar gifts of fortune. They can hear footsteps, for instance, long before they approach, and that, too, beside cataracts and in tempests; and I have known a sharp-eyed fellow make no ceremony in seeing through a wall, with a distinctness that cannot be too highly commended.

The characters on the stage are different, in a great many other respects, from those every-day people whom we meet with in real life. A gentleman in the outer world, when he is really intent on glory, and resolved to contribute all in his power towards gaining a battle, generally falls to work forthwith, and stands his chance with the rest of being knocked on the head, run through the body, or shot down. Theatrical warriors are not always in such a hurry. It has often struck me, that Richard III. was rather getting out of the scrape, in the last scene of that play, when he leaves the noise of the battle at a distance, and comes in alone, notwithstanding his bragging that there must be six Richmonds in the field, five of whom he has just slain. But in this he merely follows the fashion of his companions, as I have several times remarked a prodigiously valorous hero, on the eve of an engagement, shouting out 'victory or death!' so fiercely, that I thought the enemy had better keep an eye on their own affairs; but instead of following his soldiers into the midst of the conflict, according to their expectation as well as mine, he would stay behind and sing a song, sometimes with an *encore*, leaving his army to proceed by themselves. It is astonishing, too, what respect a general often receives in the very fury and clash of a fight. You shall hear at one moment all the horrid din of war; but in the next, when he begins to speak, the drummers and trumpeters on both sides instantly drop their instruments; the parties remain silent; the dying cease to groan, till the speech is spoken, after which the awful confusion is renewed more dreadfully than ever. This example in good breeding is very properly adopted by the elements, as you may observe the sky always thunders in the right place, and stops until the hero before the audience has finished delivering his opinions upon any subject.

I must confess here, however, that I have heard the thunder come before the lightning, and notwithstanding the usual praise the wind gets for swiftness, I have known it to be a little after its time.

There is a young gentleman in one of the theatres often set to personate robbers, who, I think, deserves the thanks of the human race for having greatly improved upon and mollified the manners of that wicked profession. They used to be extremely rough in their address; but, in his hands, they have a mildness of demeanour, and a general grace, very interesting. It never fails to soften me with an agreeable surprise when he comes on as that one of the murderers in Macbeth who tells the tyrant,

'I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.'

While delivering this amiable confession, he is so careful to turn his toes out, and step like a gentleman, that you cannot help thinking the poor wretch was brought up in good society, and could dance very prettily, if he only had a mind. The same original taste which metamorphoses his assassins into decent fellows, makes him play servants like heroes. I am certain if my footman should enter to announce company with his majesty of stride, or hand me a letter, or a cup of coffee, with such an elegant flourish, I should set him down for some great nobleman in disguise; and if I had a daughter, she should be looked to.

There is one point for which the subordinate members of our dramatic companies in this city have never been sufficiently appreciated. I mean the wonderful success with which they have disciplined themselves in the practice of the stoical philosophy. We have numerous anecdotes of ancient worthies, who met the most appalling reverses of fortune with composure; but my opinion is, that the meanest of our supernumeraries could beat them. With what a noble tranquillity they pass through a revolution, or an earthquake; and how some of the ladies hold up their dress from the dust, while flying from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius! The assassination of a man, the falling of a castle, or even the rising of a ghost or two, has no more effect on their even nerves than if they were so many statues."

#### A REMARKABLE SEA ANIMAL.

PERHAPS the following notices of a sea animal of great size may partly explain the wild stories that are told regarding snakes seen in the sea at various times. On the 9th day of September 1823, the fishing-smack *Una* returned from a cruise off Delaware Bay. She had sailed about three weeks before from New York, for the express purpose of catching an enormous fish, which had been reported to frequent the ocean a few leagues beyond Cape Henlopen. The adventurers in this bold enterprise have been successful. The creature is one of the huge individuals of the family of Raia, or, perhaps, may be erected, from its novelty and peculiarity, into a new genus, between the *Squalus* and the *Acipenser*. Its strength was such, that, after the body had been penetrated by two strong and well-formed hooks of the best tempered iron, the shank of one of them was broken off, and the other singularly bent. The boat containing the fishermen was connected, after the deadly instrument had taken hold, with the wounded inhabitant of the deep, by a strong warp or line. The celerity with which the fish swam could only be compared to that of the harpooned whale, dragging the boat after it with such speed as to cause a wave to rise on each side of the furrow in which he moved, several feet higher than the boat itself. The weight of the fish after death was such, that three pair of oxen, one horse, and twenty-two men, all pulling together, with the surge of the Atlantic wave to help, could not convey it far to the dry beach. It was estimated from this (a probable estimate) to equal four tons and a half, or perhaps five tons. The size was enormous; for the distance from the extremity of one wing or pectoral fin to the other, expanded like the wing of an eagle, measures eighteen feet; over the extremity of the back, and on the right line of the belly, sixteen feet; length of the tail, four feet; width of the mouth, two feet nine inches. The operation of combat and killing lasted nine hours. The achievement was witnessed by crowds of citizens on the shores of New Jersey and Delaware, and by persons on board the flotilla of vessels in the bay and offing. During the scuffle, the wings, side-flaps, or vast slated fins of the monster, lashed the sea with such vehemence, that the spray rose to the height of thirty feet, and rained around to the distance of fifty feet.

Another notice of the same animal occurs in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, the source from which the preceding account is extracted. "The first appearance of an animal of this species, since I have been here (about eighteen months), was about two months ago, when I was called out to the beach by some of the inhabitants, whom I found to be assembled in great numbers. I confess my curiosity was not less excited than theirs, when I saw floating close to the surface of the water, about twenty yards from me, a large mass of living substance, of a dark colour, but of the shape and size of which I could not, at the

time, form any proper idea, it being so very different from any thing I had ever before seen or heard of, further than that I supposed it to have been many times the size of what I now believe it was. No time was lost in setting out in pursuit of him, with harpoons and other weapons; and it was not long before he was come up with, and struck with one of the harpoons, when he made off with great velocity, towing the boat after him. As he seemed to incline chiefly to the surface of the water, six or seven more harpoons were, with the assistance of several canoes that had come up, successively plunged into him, and all the boats made fast to each other, which he was obliged to pull after him, with several people in each. Such, however, was the great strength of this animal, that, after being fast, in the manner I have described, for upwards of four hours, and taking the boats out to sea attached to him, to a distance of about ten miles from the harbour, and having been pierced with so many wounds, he was still able to defy every effort to bring him in. It had now got late, and was dark, and an attempt was made to force him up, near enough to get another large harpoon in him; this was no sooner done, than he darted off; and, by an almost unaccountable and seemingly convulsive effort, in a moment broke loose from all his fetters, carrying away with him eight or nine harpoons and pikes, and leaving every one staring at his neighbour in speechless astonishment, confounded at the power of an animal which could thus snatch himself from them at a time when they conceived him almost completely in their power.

Since then, some of these animals have occasionally been heard of at a distance from the harbour; and, a few days ago, in coming over from Fort Augusta with another gentleman, we fell in with one of them, which allowed us to get so near him, that it was determined to set out the next morning to look for him. We did so, and took with us several large harpoons, muskets, pikes, &c. determined, if possible, to bring him in. He was descried, about eight o'clock, near Greenwich, towards the top of the harbour, as usual floating near the surface, and moving slowly about. Having allowed the boat to get very close to him, he was struck with a harpoon, which was thrown at him in a most dexterous manner by Lieutenant St John, of the royal artillery. He immediately set out towards the mouth of the harbour, towing the boat after him with such velocity that it could not be overtaken by any of the others: after going in this way for near an hour, he turned back, which enabled the other boats to lay hold; and four of them were tied, one after the other, to the one in which he was harpooned, with four or five people in each of them. By this means, we hoped to tire him out the sooner. In about an hour and a half after he was first struck, a favourable opportunity offering, a large five-pointed harpoon, made fast to a very heavy staff, was thrown at him with such an elevation, that it should fall upon him with the whole weight of the weapon. This having been as well directed as the first, was lodged nearly in the middle of the back. The struggle he made at this time to get away was truly tremendous—plunging in the midst of the boats—darting from the bottom to the surface alternately—dashing the water and foam on every side of him—and rolling round and round to extricate himself from the pole. This might be considered as having given him his death-blow, although, at short intervals afterwards, he was struck with two more harpoons, and several musket-balls were fired into him. Still he was able to set out again, taking four boats after him, which he carried along with the greatest ease. Having gone in this way for some time, he came to a stop, and laid himself to the bottom, when, with all the lines that were attached to him, it was quite impossible to move him. All expedients were nearly beginning to fail, when it was proposed to slacken the line, which being done, had the desired effect, and he again set out. Having thus got him from the ground, inch by inch was gained upon him, till he was got near the surface, when he was struck with two large pikes. He now got rather faint; and the boats closing on him on every side, the combat became general with pikes, muskets, and every weapon we had. He was now towed ashore, being about five hours since he was first struck. This it required all the boats to do, and these very slowly. His appearance now showed the extraordinary tenacity of life of which this animal must be possessed, as his whole body was literally a heap of wounds, many of which were through and through, and he was not yet quite dead. This circumstance, with his great strength, is the cause of the name which has been given him by the fishermen here, as they have never been able to succeed in taking one of them, and were firmly of opinion that it was impossible to do so.

This monster is of the flat-fish kind. On measurement, it was found to be in length and breadth nearly the same, about fifteen feet, and in depth three or four feet. It had the appearance of having no head, as there was no prominence at its mouth: on the contrary, its exterior margin formed, as it were, the segment of a circle, with its arc towards the animal's body, and opening into a large cavity of about two feet and a half in width, without teeth, into which a man went with so much ease, that I do not exaggerate when I say that another might have done so at the same time. On each side of the mouth projected a mass of cartilaginous substance like horns, about a foot and a half long, and capable of meeting before the

mouth. These feelers moved about a great deal in swimming, and are probably of use in feeding. On looking at this animal as it lay on the ground with its back upwards, it might be said to be nearly of equal dimensions on every side, with the exception of the two lateral extremities, extending to a point about four feet from the body, and a tail about five feet long, four and a half inches in diameter at the root, and tapering to a point. Above the root of the tail was the dorsal fin, and on each side of it a flat and flabby substance lying close to the body, of the appearance of fins. There were no other distinct fins, and its sole propelling power seemed to be its two lateral extremities, which become very flat and thin towards the point. As it shows these much in swimming, it gives a spectator an extraordinary idea of its size, as, when perfectly seen, the conclusion naturally is, that if the breadth be so great, how much greater must the length be. This animal was a female, and viviparous. On opening it, a young one, about twenty pounds weight, was taken out, perfectly formed, and which has been preserved. Wishing to know what it fed upon, I saw the stomach opened, which was round, about eight inches in diameter, and quite empty. It was closely studded over with circular spots of a muscular substance. Under the stomach was a long bag, with transverse muscular layers from end to end, and which contained nothing but some slime and gravel. This muscular appearance of the digestive organs would lead one to suppose that it fed upon other fish, as is the general opinion here, though its having no teeth does not support the idea. Its weight was so great that it was impossible to ascertain it at the time; but some idea may be formed of it, when I assure you that it was with difficulty that forty men, with two lines attached to it, could drag it along the ground. Its bones were soft, and, with the exception of the jaw-bones, could be cut with a knife. One ridge of bone ran from the mouth to the middle of the back, where it was met by another running transversely, from the extremities of which there were ten larger ones converging towards the tail. The name by which this remarkable sea-animal is popularly known is the Colossal Ray.

#### THOUGHTS ON COMMON-PLACE SUBJECTS.

[Under this head we propose to offer, from time to time, desultory thoughts, as they arise, on matters which have hitherto been considered much too prosaic, or, as Goldsmith says, "too low," to be worthy of the attention of literary men, and at the same time not of so much importance as to be fit for being each extended into a separate paper.]

**ANONYMOUS WRITING.**—The practice of anonymous writing in reviews, magazines, and other periodicals, has been extremely advantageous to the interests of literature, as well as the civil liberty of the country. The utility, however, of this mode of writing has its limits. An article from the pen of the editor of a public print is, for the most part, read with interest, and its statements attract the required attention. But when an article appears in the shape of a letter from such an anonymous insubstantial being as "Juba," "Civis," "Edinensis," "Scotus," "A constant reader," and so forth, it carries no weight, and is generally passed over with perfect indifference. There is a good reason for this. The person who does not avowedly back his statement with his real name and address, gives no guarantee for its truth; he appears to be ashamed of what he has written, and is about as little worthy of credit as the man who skulks behind the door, and disturbs the company with his stealthy outcry. Thus, anonymous writing in newspapers is seldom of the smallest use; whereas, letters written with real names and addresses rarely fail to excite attention and produce the result which is intended. Writers who give their names have also another kind of superiority over those who do not. They give a pledge for their accuracy: they say as much as, "There, that is the truth, and here am I to defend it." There is no boggling with such a declaration. It must be grappled with, and the best of it is, those who grapple with it must give their names in return. It will not do to write anonymously in reply to a writer who has given his name; such a proceeding would only excite ridicule.

**SHOPS.**—Some years ago, an article appeared in a London newspaper, detailing the capabilities of shops as to business, according to their situation and the facilities of their access. We have never seen the article, but conclude it must have contained some useful advices to tradesmen. In all large towns, where there is a considerable competition in business, not a little depends on the situation in which a shop is placed, but as much, if not more, on the nature of its access. This is not very generally understood. Tradesmen are in the habit of flattering themselves that their "friends and the public" will come out of their way to deal with them exclusively, which is in a great measure a fallacy. Buyers, taken in the aggregate, care

for nobody in particular. They are indolent and careless to an astonishing degree; they will not go half a dozen steps out of their way to serve the dearest friend; that is to say, if they can get the article they want, equally good and cheap from any one else, by going only one step. The buyer always enters the readiest and what he thinks the best shop, and he must be put to no kind of trouble. He must not have any difficulty in finding the door, nor in looking for the number in the street. He will only take that much trouble if he have a deliberate fixed intention to buy, which he seldom has. The greater part of buyers are a whether-or-no set of people; they are uncertain if they really want the article; and hence the necessity for alluring them by display. As there is frequently little or no difference betwixt one shop and another in point of quality of goods, lowness of price, or extent of stock, the question as to preference rests for solution on facility of access. If the shop No. 1 be situated three steps above the street, and the shop No. 2 only two steps, then No. 2 has the preference; but if No. 3 has an entrance right smooth off from the pavement, it carries the preference hollow. And why? Because there is no trouble in lifting the foot to the step or steps; and this trouble, slight as it may appear, governs the choice which is made. Suppose, however, that shop No. 3 has its door shut, and that shop No. 4 has its door open, then No. 4 is preferred. So nicely, indeed, is this preference regulated, that the smallest impediment, or even appearance of impediment, will have an influence in the mind. We have known so trifling a matter as the handle of a shop door not being placed precisely opposite the hand of the customer, or being a little stiff in turning, to operate in keeping out persons who might have been purchasers. All this is thoroughly understood by the expert tradesman of the metropolis, where the rent of a place of retail business would probably fall ten pounds for every inch its doorway rose above the pavement.

Two things will injure, if not ruin, the best situated shops, with all their facilities. The first consists in the encouragement given to loungers, who crowd in gossiping parties within the doorway, and present a phalanx through which customers, particularly if females, do not like to penetrate: buyers do not delight in being noticed in their negotiations. The second is, not keeping an assortment of every article for which the shop is ostensibly established. To be out of any article—an exceedingly common excuse with indifferent shopkeepers, or those who have meagre capitals—gives the intending purchaser a notion that it is needless going in future to ask for goods which he may require. "Oh, what is the use of going to that shop—they never have what you want," is a saying which often occurs. Whether there be real grounds for giving so unqualified an expression of opinion, is of no consequence. Not to have got an article on only one occasion when sought for, is as good an excuse as if repeated disappointments had been experienced. Perhaps people do not so often say these things as *think* them, but that makes no difference. The same end follows; the shopkeeper suffers.

We have said that intending purchasers prefer the most accessible shops, but, as is mentioned, it is only when the article required can be had equally good and cheap as at the shop which is difficult of access. This is a strong point in the art of shopkeeping. We know several instances in which quality and cheapness, particularly the former, overcome every species of obstacle. Many persons, whose time is of no value, will mount to the top of a stair to save a penny, and to get an article which is really good: if it be of importance that it should be genuine, there are few who would not walk a mile out of their way. This principle may be observed to act very strongly in the case of such articles as medicinal drugs. The world being now overrun with all kinds of goods made up for show, and purchasable wholesale at inconceivably low prices, the temptation to deal in inferior articles is almost overpowering. The shopkeeper, therefore, who sets out on the conscientious and rigid principle of keeping no articles whatever but those of the very best quality, is certain, by holding perseveringly in his course, of at length realising an extensive business, and most likely an ample fortune. In this, as in every thing else, "honesty is the best policy." Our advice to young men entering into business, is to try to gain a name for keeping a good choice, and selling every thing of a good quality. Perhaps they may see others who follow a different plan apparently getting before them; but their system has a baseless foundation, and in the end they are generally left far behind those whose conduct has merited the approbation of society.

To the public, generally, we beg to offer a single hint on this subject. There is an immense difference betwixt cheapness and lowness of price. An article can be low in price, yet by no means cheap. A worthless got-up piece of goods is dear, however low its price may be, as is observed daily by the trash which is offered for sale at prices which could not possibly cover the value of the raw material, if they were of a sound fabric.

**FIRE.**—Houses are frequently burned from carelessness in their construction. The fire in such cases

originates from the joists and timbers being connected with the chimneys. Not only are the ends of the joists or beams allowed to approach too near the flues, but also the pegs which are driven into the walls for the purpose of affording fastenings to the skirting boards. Why do architects not avoid these obvious absurdities? Why is there no penalty exigible for such culpable carelessness?

**FRANKING LETTERS.**—We have always looked upon the begging of franks for letters as a practice any thing but respectable or commendable; indeed, we do not see what difference, in point of dignity, there is betwixt it and begging for an alms on the highway. In some respects it is worse, for people in good circumstances are often guilty of it, and, besides not having poverty to plead in extenuation, they commit a decided fraud upon the revenue. Yet it is astonishing what a deal of trouble many persons will put themselves to—what shifts and meannesses they will resort to—what obligations they will incur—all to save such a sum as ten pence. This is one of the points in our national manners which appear ridiculous in the estimation of the Americans. The author of a book called "The American in England," lately published, mentions it with surprise. "I found in time (says he) that this was a very prevailing trait of national manners in England; and that there is nothing that people have such a horror of as paying postage. On visits at the mansions of individuals possessing this privilege, I was frequently afterwards a witness of the shifts that people resort to in procuring franks." Of course, these observations should not apply to the franking of letters on public business; but how rarely is the application for a frank made on any other grounds than that of private convenience!

**ADVERTISING.**—Advertising in the public prints, announcing articles for sale, is not in general of much value, unless it be pertinaciously persisted in. It is only after reiterated calls that the reader finds himself compelled to listen. When he sees an advertisement appearing again and again before him, he probably says to himself, "Well, I must read this announcement: I see there is no getting quit of it." Thus he is forced to give his attention as well as a sort of unwilling credence to the details, whatever they may be. At first he may feel annoyed with the energy of the advertiser; but an advertisement repeated, resembles the "vice of frightful mien" mentioned by the poet, which,

When we grow familiar with its face,  
We first endure—then pity—then embrace.

All pertinacious advertisers know this, and act accordingly. Gross as the imposition may happen to be, it at last has its effect. A falsehood which has been advertised for twenty years continuously, if not rendered true by virtue of antiquity, has at least in some measure the efficacy of truth, there being always some one willing to believe it on trust.

While on the subject of advertisements, we wish to give a hint on a point in which the public are not a little interested. We allude to the advertising of prices, fares, or charges, in reference to conveyance by stage-coaches, steam-vessels, and their vehicles; also terms of admission to lectures and all kinds of public assemblages. In all these, and similar matters, the prices should invariably be made fully known. The announcement of "terms moderate" is no announcement at all. People wish to have the most distinct idea of what expense they will incur before making an excursion, and from ignorance on this important point frequently abstain from setting out on a journey, or refrain from going on a particular route. Thus, the proprietors of steam-boats, coaches, and so on, injure instead of benefiting themselves.

There is another circumstance worthy of the consideration of this class of persons. It consists in the want of confederacy to give proper information to the public regarding the means of conveyance from place to place. At present, every one looks only to his own concern, and abstains from rendering any information regarding the movements of others. This selfishness is exceedingly short-sighted. For instance, we wish to go by a steam-vessel to a place fifty or a hundred miles distant, and after staying there a short time, to go somewhere else, or to return; we easily learn how we should go, but how we are to proceed onward or to return, are questions no one can answer. Can we return to-morrow or next day, or can we get any conveyance to so and so, or will any other steamer pick us up and carry us on to such a place? The answer is, "We don't know, sir; our own boat returns on Saturday at one, and that's all we can say about it." Last year, while staying a few weeks at a town on the Clyde, we felt severely the effects of this meagreness of general intelligence regarding the movements of the numerous steam-vessels on that beautiful river and its contiguous lakes. Although desirous of making various short excursions, we were literally fixed to the place in which we had settled, merely from the want of information of the kind we mention. A steam-vessel arrives at the pier—the day is lovely, and admirably suited for a sail—the inquiry is therefore put—"If we go on to Inverary to-day by your boat, can we get back in the evening, or by a vessel to-morrow morning?" "We don't know, sir." Another arrives—"If you put us ashore at Milport in passing, can we return to-morrow afternoon?" A similar answer—"We don't know, sir—look at the boards." To be told to look at the boards, we however found to be a thing altogether unsatisfactory. The boards

consist of some half dozen dilapidated sign-like blazons on the wall, and are most likely either silent on the subject most interesting to us at the time, or out of date—the spaces for the days of sailing, blank—or the names of the days of the week turned upside down. "Why not examine the advertising columns of the newspapers?" We did examine them as far as that was possible, but with as little effect. How many thousands of visitants at sea-side towns are annoyed in this manner; and with how little trouble or expense might the intelligence required be made fully known to the public! To begin with an improved practice, all announcements relative to coasting steam-vessels should contain not only the days and hours of sailing, but those of returning, and of touching at intermediate ports. A printed weekly placard, mentioning these particulars relative to all the vessels belonging to any given estuary or district, would prove of extensive utility and benefit both to the public and to private interests.

**AUCTIONS.**—Persons having houses or landed property to be disposed of by public auction, commit a serious blunder, and evince a singular ignorance of human nature, by announcing what they call an *upset price*. This may ultimately lead to a sale, but it protracts that result to an indefinite period, and is a serious loss of time. It usually happens that no one at first offers an advance on the upset price, and the sale is consequently postponed till a future day, at a price considerably reduced. Sometimes an upset price is thus reduced to nearly one-half of what it originally was; and such being a well-known consequence, buyers hang back, waiting till the lowest possible sum is demanded. We are surprised that this ridiculous mode of sale has not long since been abandoned, and one more rational adopted in its stead. The custom is, we believe, unknown out of Scotland.

In the case of sales by auction of household furniture, it would be an improvement to announce the hours at which certain departments of the furniture would most likely be begun to be disposed of. For want of this kind of information, much time is lost to intending purchasers, who frequently leave the premises after having waited in vain for hours till certain articles were put up; indeed, we believe that in general one-half, if not more, of the persons who attend such sales, leave the place with their patience utterly exhausted, to the no small injury of the proprietor of the goods.

**COUGHS.**—Every person who coughs should not alarm himself with the idea that he is in a bad way. Experience has convinced us of a fact, which we suppose medical men will allow to be true, that there are two distinct kinds of coughs—one proceeding from an affection of the lungs and air tubes, as in a cold, the other proceeding from effervescence in the stomach. The lungs cough is a symptom which all know to require attention, lest serious consequences ensue. The stomach cough is a much more simple matter, and may easily be got quit of. It is caused by the food and drink which are put into the stomach effervescing, and producing an irritation. A knowledge of this fact ought to lead persons so affected to ponder a little on the nature of their aliment, and the tone of their digestive powers. Some stomachs agree best with alkalies, others with acids; one person likes a bitter substance, another a substance which is sour. Those who wish a particular explanation of these circumstances in reference to their own case, will consult their physician; in the meanwhile, we may be permitted to explain how many stomach coughs originate, and are continued. They arise from an undue love of sweets—sweet tea, sweet toddy or punch, sweet cake, sweet custard, and all kinds of sweet confectionary and condiments. To some, this love of sweets is in no way injurious, but to others it is exceedingly baneful. The sugar taken into the stomach creates an effervescence, the external symptom of which is cough; bile is also formed, and many disorders ensue. It is curious to see the ignorance which prevails on this subject, notwithstanding all that has been said and written upon it. We were lately in company with a gentleman who complained of a disordered state of the digestive functions, and was travelling for his health, who, while talking over his distresses, was drinking a tumbler of hot spirits and water, in which he had infused not fewer than a dozen lumps of sugar! This person was evidently killing himself from sheer ignorance and his love of sweets; and how many are there who injure themselves from similar causes! In order to discover whether a cough proceed from the stomach, let the individual who is affected experiment a little upon himself, by abstaining for a time from taking sugar, cheese, and any thing else which will produce an undue development of acidous fermentation and bile. The same experiment may be tried in cases of headache.

**BROKEN WINDOWS.**—A broken pane of glass in a window is one of the meanest objects that can meet the eye, and always conveys an idea of the wretchedness of the inhabitants of the domicile. When the fracture is attempted to be mended by a patch of paper, the evil is aggravated considerably, for such a makeshift conveys an impression of a state of poverty verging on total ruin of circumstances. The most favourable conclusion which can be come to in either case, is, that the party concerned is careless of the good opinion of society, which no person with a well-regulated mind ever is. A broken window remaining above a few

hours unattended, though abstractly of trifling import, is precisely one of those apparently insignificant circumstances by which the world is apt to estimate a person's character and pecuniary resources. It is as bad as wearing a ragged coat, a hat with a sunken crown, or shoes from which the heels have long since vanished. When seen in the shop of a tradesman, it almost betokens premeditated bankruptcy.

### THE POET'S INHERITANCE.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

What is the bard's inheritance?  
Whence do his pleasures flow?  
Are his the joys that fortune yields—  
That wealth and power bestow?  
A nobler heritage is his,  
Far in the shady bowers,  
With all the woodlands waving green,  
And all the world of flowers.

For him a thousand songsters sing  
In brambly brake or dell;  
Their language is not known to all,  
But he doth know it well!  
The linnet pours to him her plaint,  
The stock-dove tells her woes;  
The thrush unfolds to him her tale,  
In words no other knows.

The sunny streamlets, silver bright,  
For him in gladness run;  
And he partakes of every joy  
That sparkles 'neath the sun.  
'Tis his to strew each path with flowers,  
Life's pilgrimage along;  
His mornings are with music crowned,  
His evenings close with song!

And oh! how bright are poets' dreams,  
All free from care or pain;  
They rise from lowly earth to heaven,  
And come from heaven again.  
They picture forth a world of joy,  
All lovely to the view,  
Where woman reigns in virgin pride,  
And virgin beauty too!

They are not poor whom men call poor,  
For there's a glory given  
To all who bow at Nature's shrine,  
Be't ocean, earth, or heaven!  
And who is Nature's worshipper  
Like him who walks abroad,  
And talks with woods, and hills, and streams,  
The children of his God?

There is a bound to wealth and fame,  
A limit given to power;  
And soon the pomp and pride of state  
Exhaust their little hour!  
But what can bound the poet's soul—  
What chain his spirit free?  
He bursteth o'er the bounds of time,  
And grasps eternity!

### THE MONKEYS OF INDIA.

THE monkey tribes of India, as was mentioned in our article on the Hindoos, are held in great veneration by the ignorant and superstitious votaries of the Brahminical faith. At one time temples were erected to the honour of these odious animals, and in the present day they are suffered to roam at large over the places of worship, and encroach in many ways on the property and comforts of the people. When the Portuguese plundered the island of Ceylon, they found, in one of the temples dedicated to these animals, a small golden casket, containing the tooth of a monkey. This was held in such estimation by the natives, that they offered 700,000 ducats, or nearly £350,000, to redeem it. The viceroy, however, most likely from a desire to crush a superstitious usage, ordered it to be burnt. Some years afterwards, a Portuguese having obtained a similar tooth, pretended that he had recovered the old one, which so rejoiced the priests, that they purchased it from him for a sum exceeding £10,000. This surely must have been the dearest tooth ever made an object of merchandise.

D'Obsonville, a French traveller in India, thus speaks of the appearance and mode of dealing with the monkey tribes:—"Every race of monkeys lives in society, and forms a kind of horde, consisting of from fifty to two hundred or three hundred individuals. Each has its chief, remarkable by his size and superior deportment; he is indebted for his rank to his strength and courage; and a habit of respect and fear seems to be preserved towards him, even in old age, though not perhaps in decrepitude. When I have been travelling, I have occasionally entered the antique temples to repose myself, when my Indian dress gave these animals little suspicion; for notwithstanding their apparent disregard, they are exceedingly observant. I have seen several of them at first considering me, and looking attentively at my food; their eyes and agitation painted their inquietude, their passion to gormandise, and the strong desire they had to appropriate at least a part of my repast to themselves.

As these sorts of encounters were amusing to me, I always took care to provide myself with parched peas; at first I would scatter a few on that side where the chief was, and he would approach by degrees, and collect them with avidity. I have afterwards presented my hand full; and in the places most sanctified, where they are accustomed to see none but

pacific men, who make a conscience of not disturbing them, the chief would venture to approach, though at first sidling, and fixing his eyes upon me, to divine if I had not some sinister purpose against him. Presently becoming bold, he would seize the thumb of my hand in which I held the peas, with one, and eat with his other hand, still keeping his eyes fixed on mine. If I laughed or stirred, he would break off his repast, and, working his lips, make a kind of muttering; the sense of which his long canine teeth, occasionally shown, plainly interpreted. When I threw a few at a distance, he seemed satisfied that others should gather them up; but he grumbled at and sometimes struck those that inconsiderately came too near me. His cries and solicitude, though in part the effect, perhaps, of greediness, apparently indicated his fear lest I should take advantage of their weakness to ensnare them; and I constantly observed, that those which were suffered to approach the nearest were the well-grown strong males; the young and the females were always obliged to keep at a considerable distance.

The care and tenderness of the mothers towards their offspring did not appear less conspicuous; they held them under a proper obedience and constraint. I have very often seen them suckle, caress, and cleanse them, and afterwards crouching on their hams, delight to see them play with each other. They would wrestle, throw, or chase one another; and if any of them were malicious in their antics, the dams would spring upon them, growling, and seizing them with one hand by the tail, correct them severely with the other. Some of them would immediately try to escape, but when they were out of danger, would approach in a wheedling and caressing manner, though ever liable to relapse into the same faults; in other cases, each would come at the first cry of their dam. If they removed to a little distance, the young would follow gently; but they mounted on her back, or rather hung by embracing her under the belly, if it was necessary to go swiftly. They are generally peaceable enough among each other; in extensive, solitary, and fertile places, herds of different species come, go, and sometimes jabber together, without disturbance or confusion of race. However, if adventurous stragglers seem desirous of seeking their fortunes on the trees, countries, or places another herd has appropriated to itself, they immediately unite to sustain their rights of possession with vigour. I have had no opportunity of seeing any of their most serious encounters; but I will relate a little affair which I saw, and of which many others were witnesses.

Several herds of a species of monkeys, about three feet and a half high, were settled in the enclosures of the pagodas of Cheringam. One of the long-bearded monkeys had stolen in, and was soon discovered. At the first cry of alarm, many of the males united, and ran to attack the stranger. He, though superior in size and strength, and one of the most vigorous among his own species, saw his danger, and flew to attain the top of a pyramid eleven stories high, whither he was instantly followed, and seemed ready to be assailed on all sides; but when arrived at the summit of the building, which terminated in a very small round dome, he placed himself firm, and, taking advantage of his situation, seized three or four of the most hardy, and precipitated them to the bottom. These proofs of his prowess intimidated the rest; and after much noise, they thought proper to retreat. The conqueror remained till evening, and then betook himself to a place of safety.

The mountains and woods, which abound in pulse and wild fruits, furnish plenty of subsistence to different species of monkeys; besides, that most of them might, in case of need, become carnivorous, since in a state of liberty they willingly, and by preference, eat eggs and insects. They do not want resources for life then; but had they twice as many, the stolen morsel with them is always the sweetest. Never satisfied with what nature affords, they seldom miss an occasion to steal whatever they can from houses, or at best to maraud in the gardens and cultivated lands. However, as this is attended with danger, some lurk in obscure places and watch, while others do the business; and the guard is sure to give a shrill cry, by way of alarm, when any precaution is necessary. Those who inhabit the tops of ancient temples, will descend among the inhabitants of the pacific tribes of Indians settled near them, and rob them whenever they can. These Indians are obliged to keep every thing under lock and key, or their houses are soon pillaged. If one of these animals perceive a child by itself with bread or fruit, he will often go and steal it; and if the child make any resistance, will shake him with an angry countenance, or perhaps give him a gentle bite. If a woman is drying grain in the sun, she is obliged to stand with a stick in her hand, not with an intention to hurt them, but because a parcel of these thieves are sometimes clinging to the tiles and walls, and others skipping round, all of which perfectly understand how to take advantage of the least inattention. Thus, while she threatens or chases such as seem the most enterprising, others behind her watch the proper moment, and seize it with all the address imaginable.

It is evident a little powder and shot would soon rid them of such troublesome visitors. This is often done by the Mahometans; but this expedient, especially in temples, would draw down a thousand curses on the traveller's head, and might be attended with dangerous consequences in those countries where the Hindoos are the masters, or have an ascendancy by

their numbers. I saw a French soldier receive two strokes with a sabre, and was with difficulty rescued from the populace of Bengour, a town at that time belonging to Hyder Ali, and under the Mahometan administration, for killing a monkey that had eaten his food.

#### THE SCOTTS OF BUCCLEUGH.

THE lonely estate of Buccleugh, from which the noble family of Scott has derived its title, is situated in a remote part of the district of Ettrick in Selkirkshire, and, whatever was its former condition, now hardly contains a single human habitation. Scott of Satchells, in his "True History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott," gives the following romantic origin of the chief family and name—Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankelburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth Mac-Alpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heugh to the glen now called Buccleugh, about two miles above the junction of Rankelburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet. According to Watt's *Bellanden*,

The deer being curo'd in that place,  
At his majesty's demand,  
Then John of Galloway ran apiece,  
And fetched water to his hand.  
The king did wash into a dish,  
And Galloway John he wot;  
He said, "Thy name now after this  
Shall ever be called John Scott.  
The forest, and the deer therein,  
We commit to thy hand;  
For thou shalt sure the ranger be,  
If thou obey command:  
And for the Buck thou stoutly brought  
To us up that steep heuch,  
Thy designation ever shall  
Be John Scott in Buccleugh.

As the whole of this story is founded on legendary tradition, it cannot now be certified. Agreeably to historical accuracy, the surname of Scott does not come into notice in the chartularies till the twelfth century, about three hundred years after the date of the traditional event; but when it is first mentioned, it appears to have belonged to the family of Buccleugh, at the time in the south and west, and that of Balweary in Fife. The first heads of the house of Buccleugh seem to have been military adventurers with small properties, acquired by marriage, or grant for good services. The sixth in the main line of the genealogical tree was Sir Walter Scott, a chieftain who possessed the estate of Murdockston, in Lanarkshire, some property in Peebleshire, and the lands of Buccleugh, in Selkirkshire. Finding his Lanarkshire property in a situation so peaceful that nothing could be done in the way of marauding, he exchanged it, in 1446, for Braxholm, in Teviotdale; and it is said that after the bargain was completed, he drily observed, that, although he might suffer by his new neighbourhood to the Borders, "the Cumberland cattle were as good as those of Teviotdale." From this period, the Scotts of Buccleugh rose into eminence and wealth. Sir Walter having exerted himself in suppressing the rebellion of the Douglases in 1456, James II. conferred on him a grant of some of their lands; and by these and other means, he rose high on the ruin of that powerful family. During the early part of the sixteenth century, the clan Scott figured in all the disturbances and wars on the Borders, along with the Elliots and Armstrongs; their depredations on the property of the English residents being countenanced by Buccleugh, Maxwell, and other heads of families. At length reprisals followed; the Earl of Northumberland entered Scotland, ravaged the middle marches, and burned Braxholm, the abode of Buccleugh, situated a short way from Hawick. The war between England and Scotland, which commenced in 1542, and lasted till the year 1551, was severely felt by the Scotts and other Borderers, who, however, with the aid of French auxiliaries, finally overcame their assailants, and made themselves once more masters of the fastnesses which they had lost. After the peace of 1551, the Scottish chieftains who had distinguished themselves during the late troubles, received the honour of knighthood. These were the lairds of Buccleugh, Cessford, Fairnirist, Littlelen, Greenhead, and Cowdenknows. Buccleugh, whose exploits are celebrated in traditional lore, did not long enjoy his new honours. He was slain in the streets of Edinburgh, by his hereditary enemies, the Kerrs, in 1552.

In the person of Sir Walter Scott, the thirteenth head of the house, the family rose to the rank of a lordship. He lived in the reign of James VI., and was employed

to suppress the system of rapine which had been so long carried on upon the Borders. Finding, however, that this was no easy matter, he fell upon the ingenious device of drawing off the most desperate of the tribes into foreign war; and for thus freeing the country of troublesome subjects he was created Lord Scott of Buccleugh in 1608. Walter, his son, was elevated to an earldom in 1619; and through his son Francis, the second earl, the family, by a grant, acquired the extensive domain of Liddisdale, formerly belonging to the house of Bothwell; also, by purchase, large territories in Eskdale; and, in 1642, the valuable barony of Dalkeith, from the Morton family. Being thus prepared for the highest rank in the peerage, a new era opened in the family history. Francis left only two daughters, the eldest of whom dying without issue, the titles and estates went to her sister Anne, who had been born in the town of Dundee, at a time when many of the nobility and gentry took refuge in that place in dread of the warfare of Cromwell. In 1663, she was married to James Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II., by Lucy, daughter of Richard Walter of Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, and who was thereupon created Duke of Buccleugh. After a marriage of twenty-two years, her unhappy husband, as the readers of history well know, fell a victim to his uncle James VII. He was beheaded in 1685, leaving his duchess with a family of four sons and two daughters. She afterwards married Lord Cornwallis, by whom she had a son and two daughters, and died, in 1732, at her seat of Dalkeith house, where she had occasionally resided in a style of princely splendour. James, her eldest surviving son by the Duke of Monmouth, was entitled Earl of Dalkeith, and he dying in 1705, his son Francis, by the death of his grandmother, succeeded to the title of Duke of Buccleugh, 1732. Notwithstanding the connection with the son of Charles II., the family still preserved the surname of Scott. The above Francis, in 1743, received two of his grandfather's (Monmouth's) titles, namely, Earl of Doncaster and Baron Tynedale, and was hence a British peer. His grace, in 1720, married a daughter of James, second Duke of Queensberry, and by this fortunate connection the present Duke of Buccleugh enjoys the estates and titles of the Queensberry family.

The grandson of this personage, Henry, third Duke of Buccleugh, was the greatest and most estimable of his family. With a judicious knowledge implanted by his friend and tutor Dr Adam Smith, his beneficent talents were directed to other purposes than those which engaged the greater part of the aristocracy of his time. He entered into possession of the most extensive landed property in the south of Scotland, for the improvement of which he adopted the most spirited and wise measures. The melioration of the soil, the planting of trees, the cutting of roads, the improving of the breed of sheep, and the elevation of the condition of the tenantry on his vast estates, uniformly engaged his attention. He was also active in raising a regiment of fencibles, at the beginning of the French war, and was a zealous supporter of the British government. In 1767, he married Lady Elizabeth Montagu, only daughter and heiress of George Duke of Montagu, Earl of Cardigan, by which alliance one of his sons became heir to the Duke of Montagu, but, by limitation of the patent, was only styled Lord Montagu. The grandson of his grace, Walter Francis, born 1806, is at present Duke of Buccleugh, and possessor of the extensive family domains in the counties of Edinburgh, Selkirk, Roxburgh, Dumfries, and other places. The principal seat of the family is at Dalkeith House, a mansion founded on the ruins of a castle of considerable antiquity, and recommended by its proximity to Edinburgh, and the beauty of its environs.

The supporters of the arms of the Buccleugh family, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and a buck, or, according to the old terms, a *hart of leash* and a *hart of grease*. In the shield there was formerly a hunting horn, a symbol of the origin of the race, long retained by Scott of Howpasley and Thirlstone. It is said the motto was *Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the moss-trooping habits of the founders of the family. The modern motto is *Amo*, which applies to the female supporters.

ANECDOTE OF ROTHSCHILD.—A foreign journal gives the following anecdote of the Baron A. de Rothschild:—This celebrated and wealthy man had lost a ring which he prized very highly, not on account of its intrinsic value, but because it had been given him by the late Emperor of Austria as an acknowledgment of the financial services rendered the imperial monarchy by the house of Rothschild. The baron offered a reward of three hundred and fifty florins a-year to the individual who should restore him his regretted jewel. The daughter of a humble publican was fortunate enough to find the inestimable treasure. She presented herself with much humility at the residence of the wealthy banker, who recognised the article with the liveliest demonstrations of pleasure, and caused five hundred florins to be paid the young woman in advance, though something beyond the amount of the annual allowance. He also desired that a bond might be formally made out for the regulation of the future payments. The girl having obtained possession of her reward, ran to her parents, in order that they might share her happiness and good fortune. The old people could scarcely find words to express their astonishment that their daughter should have been

presented with so much property for a trinket which they had considered of little or no value. After some days' reflection, they conceived that it would be more advantageous to them to touch the capital of the annuity at once, than to wait for the dividends; or at all events, with such a sum they might be able to purchase, and become the proprietors of the house they occupied. The girl returned to the generous banker, who received her with the greatest affability, and, taking back the annuity, gave her in lieu of it the sum of seven thousand florins in ready money.

**EFFECTS OF POVERTY ON THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.**—I proceed to another evil of poverty, its disastrous influence on the domestic affections. Kindle these affections in the poor man's hut, and you give him the elements of the best earthly happiness. But the more delicate sentiments find much to chill them in the abodes of indigence. A family, crowded into a single and often narrow apartment, which must answer at once the ends of parlour, kitchen, bedroom, nursery, and hospital, must, without great energy and self-respect, want neatness, order, and comfort. Its members are perpetually exposed to annoying, petty interference. The decencies of life can be with difficulty observed. Woman, a drudge and in dirt, loses her attractions. The young grow up without the modest reserve and delicacy of feeling in which purity finds so much of its defence. Coarseness of manners and language, too sure a consequence of a mode of life which allows no seclusion, becomes the habit almost of childhood, and hardens the mind for vicious intercourse in future years. The want of a neat, orderly home, is among the chief evils of the poor. Crowded in filth, they cease to respect one another. The social affections wither amidst perpetual noise, confusion, and clashing interests. In these respects the poor often fare worse than the uncivilised man. True, the latter has a ruder hut, but his habits and tastes lead him to live abroad. Around him is boundless, unoccupied nature, where he ranges at will, and gratifies his passion for liberty. Hardened from infancy against the elements, he lives in the bright light and pure air of heaven. In the city, the poor man must choose between his close room and the narrow street. The appropriation of almost every spot on earth to private use, and the habits of society, do not allow him to gather his family, or meet his tribe under a spreading tree. He has a home, without the comforts of a home. He cannot cheer it by inviting his neighbours to share his repast. He has few topics of conversation with his wife and children, except their common wants. Of consequence, sensual pleasures are the only means of ministering to that craving for enjoyment which can never be destroyed in human nature. These pleasures, in other dwellings, are more or less refined by taste. The table is spread with neatness and order; and a decency pervades the meal, which shows that man is more than a creature of sense. The poor man's table, strewn with broken food, and seldom approached with courtesy and self-respect, serves too often to nourish only a selfish animal life, and to bring the partakers of it still nearer to the brute. I speak not of what is necessary and universal; for poverty, under sanctifying influences, may find a heaven in its narrow home; but I speak of tendencies, which are strong, and which only a strong religious influence can overcome.—*Dr Channing.*

**ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.**—As you advance southward from the Scottish border, agricultural usages become more and more antiquated. "On the rich sandy loams of Worcestershire, a man ploughs with four horses, one before the other in a line, and with an assistant as driver; the furrow, generally, is from three to four inches deep, and every other part of the farm management seems to be conducted in the same most unaccountable manner. In many other districts a similar system is pursued; such futile extravagance sufficiently explains the reluctance of landlords in these parts of the kingdom to allow their old pastures to be broken up by the plough; the pastures are beautiful, well managed, and afford a good rent; the wonder is, that, with their present knowledge and practice, the tenants of arable lands can pay any rent at all. In arable husbandry, Westmoreland is a century before the country within fifty miles to the south of it."—*Scoteman.*

**IMMENSE BREWERY.**—Barclay's brewery, in London, covers about eight acres of ground, and manufactured, in 1835, 351,474 barrels, of thirty-six gallons each. The buildings which contain the vats themselves are enormous. The largest of the latter contain each four thousand barrels. The average number of vats is nearly a hundred. A steam-engine of twenty-two horse power is employed in driving the machinery, and about two hundred men are engaged in the various works of the establishment; it is supposed that the number of persons dependent upon it without doors, in the sale and transportation of the beer, is three or four thousand. The three coppers in which the beer is boiled, hold each a hundred and fifty barrels. Twenty-five gentlemen once dined in one of these coppers, after which, fifty of the workmen got in and regaled themselves. One hundred and ninety pounds of beef-steaks were thus consumed in one day, in this novel kind of dining-room. The tuns in which the beer ferments, hold fourteen hundred barrels each. The carbonic acid in one of them stood three and a half feet above the liquor, and poured over the side in a continued stream. A candle is instantly extinguished

on being placed near the outer edge of this receptacle, and on holding one's face near it, a sharp pungent sensation is felt in the mouth and face, not very unlike that produced by ardent spirits. An immersion of a few moments would be fatal. One hundred and sixty horses are kept on the premises, for the purpose chiefly of transporting the materials to and from different parts of the city. A finer collection of animals employed in one concern perhaps is nowhere to be seen.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

**BLUE BEARD'S CASTLE.**—The ruins of the Chateau de la Verriere, in the department of the Loire, are, according to the tradition of the neighbourhood, those of the castle of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the well-known nursery tale. This formidable personage, who, it appears, is not altogether a mere creation of the fancy, was Giles de Reitz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII., and was vassal of John V., Duke of Bretagne. He was tried at Nantz, on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of afterwards. The bodies of several were found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits, by whose means he believed, according to the superstitions of the times, that buried treasures would be revealed to him. On his trial he confessed the most horrible acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be burnt alive, but the duke caused him to be strangled before he was tied to the stake. The execution took place on the 25th of December 1440.—*The same.*

**SUBTERRANEAN GARDEN.**—In the Percy Main coal-pit, near Newcastle, there is a garden several hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. The plants are raised at the bottom of the mine by the light and heat of a fire constantly maintained for the purpose of ventilation. At Dudley, in Staffordshire, there is a natural hotbed, in which an equal temperature much above the heat of the adjoining land is permanently preserved by the slow combustion of subterranean coal. This unnatural stove extends to a considerable tract of ground, and affords crops of culinary vegetables of all sorts, several weeks earlier than the surrounding gardens.—*The same.*

**THE EYE OF BIRDS.**—Birds flying in the air, and meeting with many obstacles, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible, for protection, but sometimes as round as possible, that they may see small objects (flies and other insects) which they are chasing through the air, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them the power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly, there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat of their eyes, round the place where the light enters; and over these scales are drawn the muscles or fibres by which motion is communicated; so that, by acting with the muscles, the bird can press the scales, and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape, when it wishes to follow an insect through the air, and can relax the scales, in order to flatten the eye again, when it would see a distant object, or move safely through leaves or twigs. This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a remarkable degree: they can see the smallest object close to them, and can yet discern larger bodies at vast distances, as a carcass stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish afloat on the water.—*Brougham.*

**IRELAND, THE FLYING PHENOMENON.**—Poor Ireland, the vaulter, was the most extraordinary natural jumper I ever saw, though I have often seen many who excelled him when aided by the spring-board and other artificial contrivances. I have walked with Ireland, and he has suddenly left my arm, and, with the mere impetus of a couple of paces, jumped over a turnpike-gate. His leaping over the bar opposite the Surrey theatre, when going home one evening half tipsy, first attracted attention towards him. In those days of practical joking, he was foremost in joking; his animal spirits were great, and he was vain and fond of display. One trick of his was, if he saw a horse held waiting for its rider, to stand beside it, as if uncertain which way he should turn, for a moment, and when he saw the rider coming out, to spring clean over the back of the horse, with a ludicrous appearance of anxiety to get out of the gentleman's way. What made this seem more singular was, that Ireland always walked away as if he had performed no extraordinary leap at all, leaving those who had beheld the jump doubting the evidence of their own senses, and liable of course to be doubly doubted if they narrated the occurrence. One of his stage exhibitions was to throw a sunset over a waggon and eight horses—over a dozen grenadiers standing at present arms, with fixed bayonets. Sir Thomas Picton, a man of unquestionable courage, went to witness this exhibition; but when he saw the men placed, he trembled like a leaf, and kept his head down while Ireland jumped; nor did he look up till he had first asked "Has he done it?" When assured that he had, he said, "A battle's nothing to that!" Ireland was very proud of all this, but at length paid the price of his temerity.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

**EFFECTS OF DULL SERMONS.**—A heated church and a dull sermon are almost sure to provoke sleep. There are few men whose powers are equal to the task of opposing the joint operation of two such potent in-

fluences. They act on the spirit like narcotics, and the person seems as if involved in a cloud of aconite or belladonna. The heat of the church might be resisted, but the sermon is irresistible. Its monotony falls in leaden accents upon the ear, and soon subdues the most powerful attention. Variety, whether of sight or sound; prevents sleep, while monotony of all kinds is apt to induce it. The murmuring of a river, the sound of the Æolian harp, the echo of a distant cascade, the ticking of a clock, the hum of bees under a burning sun, and the pealing of a remote bell, all exercise the same influence. So conscious was Boerhaave of the power of monotony, that in order to procure sleep for a patient, he directed water to be placed in such a situation as to drop continually on a brass pan. When there is no excitement, sleep is sure to follow. We are all kept awake by some mental or bodily stimulus; and when that is removed, our wakefulness is at an end. Want of stimulus, especially in a heated atmosphere, produces a powerful effect; but where sufficient stimulus exists, we overcome the effects of the heat, and keep awake in spite of it. Thus, in a crowded church, where a dull, inanimate preacher would throw the congregation into a deep slumber, such a man as Massillon, or Chalmers, would keep them in a state of keen excitement. He would arrest their attention, and counteract whatever tendency to sleep would otherwise have existed. In like manner, a prosing, monotonous, long-winded acquaintance, is apt to make us doze, while another of a lively, energetic conversation keeps us brisk and awake. It will generally be found that the reasoning faculties are those which are soonest prostrated by slumber, and the imaginative the least so. A person would more readily fall asleep if listening to a profound piece of argumentation, than to a humorous or fanciful story; and probably more have slumbered over the pages of Bacon and Locke, than over those of Shakspeare and Milton.—*Macniah's Philosophy of Sleep.*

**HUNGER AND THIRST.**—The sensation of hunger is commonly referred to the stomach, and that of thirst to the upper part of the throat and back of the mouth, and correctly enough to this extent, that a certain condition of the stomach and throat tends to produce them. But, in reality, the sensations themselves, like all other mental affections and emotions, have their seat in the brain; to which a sense of the condition of the stomach is conveyed through the medium of the nerves. In this respect, appetite resembles the senses of seeing, hearing, and feeling; and no greater difficulty attends the explanation of the one than of the others. Thus, the cause which excites the sensation of colour, is certain rays of light striking upon the nerve of the eye; and the cause which excites the perception of sound, is the atmospheric vibrations striking upon the nerve of the ear: but the sensations themselves take place in the brain, to which, as the organ of the mind, the respective impressions are conveyed. In like manner, the cause which excites appetite is an impression made on the nerves of the stomach; but the feeling itself is experienced in the brain, to which that impression is conveyed. Accordingly, just as in health no sound is ever heard except when the external vibrating atmosphere has actually impressed the ear, and no other is perceived unless an object be presented to the eye, so is appetite never felt, except where, from want of food, the stomach is in that state which forms the proper stimulus to its nerves, and where the communication between it and the brain is left free and unobstructed. \* \* Thirst is generally said to have its seat in the back of the mouth and throat; but the condition of these parts is merely a local accompaniment of a want experienced by the whole frame, and perceived by the nervous system. Local applications, accordingly, go but a short way in giving relief, while the introduction of fluids by any other channel—by immersion in a bath, by injection into the veins, or through an external opening into the stomach—is sufficient to quench thirst without the liquid ever touching the throat. The affection of that part, therefore, is merely a result of the state of the system, and not itself the cause of thirst.—*Combe on Digestion and Dietetics.*

**GOOD LUCK.**—The mother of a criminal, named Wakkin, who was hanged for cow-stealing at Armagh, at the summer assizes for 1733, went, on the day of his execution, to the house of Dr Sheridan (the friend of Dean Swift) to beg towards a winding-sheet for her son's wake, according to the Irish custom, when some persons there contributed rather liberally on the occasion. On presenting their gift to the old woman, she was so elated at her success, that, after giving her thanks and blessing, she said, "My poor Johnny (meaning the executed criminal) always had good luck."

**RELIGIOUS PUBLICATIONS IN FRANCE.**—It appears by the *Univers Religieux*, that of the publications in France during 1835, there was a large majority of religious books. The total number of works is said to have been 4656.—*Athenaeum.*

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